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INDIAN SLEEP-SONG

BY LEW SARETT

Zhóo . . . zhoo, zhóo!
My little brown chief,
The bough of the willow
Is rocking the leaf;
The sleepy wind cries
To you, close your eyes,—
O little brown chief,
Zhóo . . . zhoo, zhóo!

Kóo . . . koo, kóo!
My little brown bird,
A wood-dove was dreaming
And suddenly stirred;
A brown mother-dove,
Dreaming of love,—
O little brown bird,
Kóo . . . koo, kóo!

Húsh . . . hush, húsh!
My little brown fawn,
The snow-flakes are falling,—
The Winter-men yawn;
They cover with white
Their children to-night,—
O little brown fawn,
Húsh . . . hush, húsh!

Hóo . . . hoo, hóo!
My little brown owl,
Yellow-eyes frightens
Bad spirits that prowl;
For you she will keep
A watch while you sleep,—
O little brown owl,
Hóo . . . hoo, hóo!

LONELINESS

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Zhóo . . . zhoo, zhóo!
O leaf in the breeze.
Kóo . . . koo, kóo!
Sweet bird in the trees.
Húsh . . . hush, húsh!
O snow-covered fawn.
Hóo . . . hoo, hóo!
Sleep softly till dawn.

LONELINESS

BY ELLEN JANSON

A fading moon is in the sky.
The mist creeps inland from the sea.
(Who keep their hearts, alone are free.)

Far foamward, with a thinning cry,
A gull dips down along the west.
(Who keep their hearts, are happiest.)

All things are lost on earth and sea.
Soon will the moon, too, slip from sight.
(Who keep their hearts, sleep well tonight.)